

## The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55  
J. ANGLIS SHAW, Pres. and Treas., JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Sec'y  
63 Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and  
Canada: One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.75; Three Months, \$1.00.  
One Month, .30. Foreign, add postage. Single Copies, 5c.  
VOLUME 53, NO. 18,330

## IMPROVING THE NATIONAL DIGESTION.

WHEN a Government suit to dissolve the United States Steel Corporation was mooted it was affirmed that the actual filing of the suit might clear the air, since business then would know the worst. Suit has been brought against this giant corporation, but is not the "worst" also the best, as it is fabled to be East of Suez? Will not the effect be to rid industry of an incubus, rather than deprive it of an incentive?

For half a century the persisting struggle of American enterprise has been against inflation, which may be called the national mania. One section after another, one class after another, has attempted to get something for nothing or sell nothing for something. When the inflation craze raged around the greenback, business men of the West were behind it. When it raged around the fifty-cent silver dollar, farmers were behind it. Is not the era of which "the billion dollar trust" is the flower just another inflation craze, this time with the business interests of the industrial East behind it?

Are not all three "get-rich-quick" phenomena manifestations of the national delusion that one may lift himself over the stile by his bootstraps?

The Greenbackers wanted an irredeemable paper currency so that money could be had without the tedious process of saving it, and debts could be scaled off by paying them in a debased medium. The advocates of Sixteen-to-One wanted to halve the debtor's burden by taking the gold guarantee from behind the silver dollar; they wanted to give producers of silver a hundred per cent. bonus by putting the dollar mark on fifty cents' worth of ore. Has not Big Business essayed a like thing?

Herbert Knox Smith, Federal Commissioner of Corporations, says as much when he reports that the United States Steel Corporation is capitalized at \$1,468,000,000 but has a valuation of \$682,000,000. Combinations of its type have not inflated the currency as those benighted Populists, Weaver and Pfeffer and Bryan, sought to do, but they have inflated their securities and exchanged them for currency. Does it make much difference whether the Government or the American Bank Note Company "creates" a value by stamping a piece of paper, so long as the value is not there?

Two great landmarks have been set up in the fight against inflation. One was Grant's veto in 1874 of a bill increasing the issue of greenbacks to \$400,000,000. John Sherman said then: "If now, in this time of temporary panic, we yield one single inch to the desire for paper money in this country, we shall pass the Rubicon, and there will be no power in Congress to check the issue." Congress did pass the Rubicon, but Grant turned it back, and the historian Rhodes calls his veto the most praiseworthy act of that administration.

The American people set up the second landmark in 1896 when they defeated Bryan on the free silver issue. The leadership in that fight to put a dollar's worth of value behind every dollar of currency was taken by the business men of the East. Then they proceeded to do in the era of combination what they had decried when the farmer, the Populist and the silver miner undertook it. They put two and two together and called the sum eight instead of four, and issued and sold securities for the larger amount.

Is not the third landmark in the war against inflation the suit just begun against the biggest of these corporations—the suit to which the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases have led up?

It was good for the nation when Grant pierced the greenback inflation bubble with a veto. It was good for the nation when the voters shattered the silver inflation bubble with a hostile majority. It will be good for the nation that the Taft Administration has subjected the stock inflation bubble to the solvent processes of the courts.

In Grant's Administration business carried the uneasy load of undigested greenbacks. In Bryan's heyday business was menaced with a diet of half-digested silver. Ever since, business has been oppressed by what Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan—who ought to know—has called "undigested securities."

The vain effort to digest them has made about all the economic phenomena of a dozen years—the alternate fever and chills of Wall street speculation; the emergence of the "Pittsburgh millionaire"; the periodic flurries over the cost of living; a diffused if formless sense of grievance; a pervasive political unrest.

Stock inflation carried with it not only the purpose but the necessity that all benefits possible to combinations should be appropriated by the combining companies, and that instead of being shared by the consumer they should be taken out of his skin. The only way to put value into the paper securities of the big trusts was to extract it from consumers' pockets. That was done through higher prices, and the process spelled naked oppression.

It is absurd to call Government action against this inflation a mischievous purpose to arrest economic law. Economic law equally abhors the attempts to make paper money, standard silver dollars and marketable securities by fiat alone. It visits each offense with impartial penalties, and rewards in the general well-being every refusal to accept shadow for substance, every return to sound practice.

## Letters From the People

## The Pawned \$1.50.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In answer to Edward D. Olin's "Frenzied 'Pan' Finance" problem I would say that the gentleman from Philly was out \$1 and a few cents interest. He gave the frenzied "pan" \$1.50 for the ticket and at the pawnbroker's gave out another \$1.50 and interest. That is \$3 paid out. He gets the \$2 bill from the pawnbroker. Therefore he is out \$1 and interest.

## Women in Business.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
M. C. H. says that women are superior to men as office workers. In refuting her statement I would say that a manager of one of the largest corporations in America, employing a great many men and women stenographers and

men for other office duties, told me that for ordinary stenographic work they found women satisfactory, but for the detail work they had to have men. Why so many women are employed is not on account of their ability but because they will work for a small salary, often not having to pay board, and spending all their wages on dress. Employers find the girls spend too much time before the looking glass, to say nothing of the desire to secure bargains at the dry goods and music stores. If your employer has found men unsatisfactory perhaps he pays a small salary.

W. H.  
1004 Was Leap Year, 1909 Was Not.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Were 1909 and 1904 leap years?  
F. D. M. H.

Can You Beat It?  
By Maurice Ketten.The Jarr Family  
By Roy McFadden

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

"NOW, for goodness sake," said Mrs. Jarr, as she held her husband up in the hall and sank her voice so the visitors in the front room could not hear her, "do not try to tell your old funny stories to Prof. Ponsomby Pomfret and his wife. They are intellectual people and will not be at all interested in the side-splitting whimsicalities that you retail about your friend Gus, the saloonkeeper, and Mr. Slavinsky, the glass-put-in-man."

"Me? I'm the high brow guy," said Mr. Jarr. No word shall escape me to affront the most erudite or shock the super-sensitive and fastidious."

And he allowed himself to be led into the front room and to be introduced to Prof. Ponsomby Pomfret of Pompton, and his wife. The Professor was a tiny, snugg looking man with an aquiline nose and a heavy mop of hair, worn long. His wife was a little blue-eyed, yellow-haired woman, who looked like a canary, and, as it transpired, had about the same mental equipment as that feathered twitterer.

"I am so glad it has stopped raining at last, although I suppose it was good for the crops," said Mrs. Jarr, starting the conversation.

The people of Harlow discuss the crops continually, hence it is always a safe topic, especially in the winter.

"Since deforestation has denuded the Atlantic seaboard States," said Prof. Pomfret, (who could talk interestingly on any subject, even crops and the weather) "the precipitation of moisture in this section has been erratic and intermittent."

"The modern science of irrigation," ventured Mr. Jarr, "especially in what were formerly arid lands in the West, has had, I understand, a wonderful effect in influencing a rainfall where there was none before. In other words, putting water on the land brings water on the land."

"The so-called arid lands, when irrigated, are wondrously fertile," replied Prof. Pomfret. "In the New England States, on sandy or clay soil, it is necessary to use eight to twelve tons of fertilizer per acre for one crop per year, while, without the aid of fertilizers, they can raise two crops a year on most irrigated land, especially in the case of alfalfa."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Pomfret, who had been gabbling in an undertone, with Mrs. Jarr, as to whether Maude Adams was more like Mary Anderson than Mary Anderson had been like Maude Adams, and as to which of them had been sweeter to her mother.

"Eh?" said the professor, with a start. "What is it, my dear?"

The lady canary stamped her little foot.

"I just want you to stop boasting about those silly women who make such a fuss over you, Ponsy," she twittered.

"Whom do you mean?" asked the Professor.

"This woman, Alfalfa," cried the Professor's wife.

"Why, alfalfa is a grass!"

"Yes, I know," chirruped the canary, in her piping little voice. "A grass widow. And they're the very worst kind!"

The Professor sighed and rolled up his eyes, and then turned to Mr. Jarr and continued:

"In the Central and Western States corn may be planted along about April 1, while in the New England States it is not safe to seed before May 10 to the 20th. In irrigation—"

"I just knew he was going to say something mean!" cried the canary-lady again, flourishing her handkerchief, as she spoke. "He has no regard for my feelings, no matter where we are or who is present!"

"Why, what have I said now, my dear?" asked the hapless Professor.

"You said that I was irritating you all the time," chirruped the Professor's lady, heedlessly.

"Why, my dear, I was speaking of 'irrigation'! I did not mention the word 'irritation' at all. Irrigation!"

"It's all the same thing!" was the reply, and, to prove it, she swept coquettishly on Mrs. Jarr's shoulder; and that good lady patted her comfortingly, and said:

"There, there, dear, I know he didn't mean it!"

"Say," remarked the Professor to Mr. Jarr. "Don't you know any haven of refuge, a saloon near by, where they have good beer?"

"You bet I do," said Mr. Jarr. "I'd like you to meet the man that runs it; his name's Gus and he's a character."

"Then let's beat it!" said the Professor. And they did.

## Mr. Jarr Is Awed by A Man From Pompton

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

Yenna while Mrs. Robb and I were teaching her English and doing her work for her. It was not until after she had let three sneak thieves into the house and given the piano to a strange truckman that the walking delegate came around and signed her up. He couldn't speak English, but he made her understand and gave her one of those placards of rules. The union wages called for were double her salary, so of course she joined on the jump.

"Naturally Mrs. Robb and I were a trifle warm and somewhat bitter. We had both slaved to teach that girl the rudiments. I didn't exert any physical violence in firing her, but I did throw her trunk out of the attic window. The trunk broke and two new dresses of Mrs. Robb fell out, also about twenty pieces of silverware. Nevertheless I was arrested on a charge of endangering the lives of Dogwood Terrace. And Yenna got away with her trunk plus plunder."

"After that we began bringing in non-union mounds of all colors and designs. But they never remained longer than two days. If we had chained them to the cellar those union pickets would have reached them. Pretty soon it fell to my lot to do the washing. And I can flatter myself that I turn out a good wash—am a thoroughly competent laundress, as it were. Also I can cook, sweep and polish like an expert. My wife, though she weighs 200 pounds, is very delicate."

"You may not know, but the union has a serenading quartet, four singers in four languages. Somehow they get a permit to carol in front of the homes of employers of non-union general houseworkers. I have thrown things and shot things at that quartet, but never successfully. They were as elusive as ghosts. After six months of positive informo I paid a forfeit of \$100 and made a flat surrender. Such was my experience. You may be more fortunate."

(To Be Continued.)

THE IDEA AT LAST.

Suburbs-Mercy, I've just engaged two girls at the Intelligence office.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Urban-Glad to have two maids now!

Suburbs-Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

## REVERIES OF A RIB

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

## The Passing of the "Old Maid."

THERE are lots of things in the world besides husbands. It is only lately that this fact has dawned on us; but then it is only lately that there have been such things as beauty doctors, women's clubs, stenography, suffrage and women doctors, lawyers and journalists.

Of course there is nothing quite so nice as the "RIGHT" husband.

"Nothing ever has been found equal to a man's shoulder to cry on."

"Art" is thrilling—but you can't run your fingers through his hair.

A career is absorbing, but you can't tie pink ribbons round the curls of your "brain children."

Work is beautiful and ennobling, but it never comes around and pets you or calls you "Baby" when you have a nervous headache; it never takes you to dinner or tucks a pillow under your head or tells you that you have the "cutest little nose in the world."

And all these things that the ideal husband is supposed to do, and sometimes does. Oh, yes, it is quite true that there never was a woman so closely wedded to a "career" that she would not divorce it in a twinkling in order to marry the right man.

But, alas! the RIGHT men are becoming scarcer than mosquitoes in January. There aren't even enough of the wrong ones or of any kind to go all the way around unless we are willing to adopt Mormonism and to be satisfied with one-tenth of a man apiece. Therefore the world is just a little fuller of spinsters than it ever was.

But where are the "old maids" gone? Where are those pathetic, spinning creatures in corked curls whose blighted lives were spent in making the rest of the world miserable? I'll tell you where they are: they have all gone into vaudeville. Nobody even BELIEVES in them any more except the joke-writers and the comic artists. In real life they are as much a myth of the past as witches and ogres.

An "old maid" I have before defined as "an unmarried woman with more wrinkles than money." But in these days of wrinkle eradicators and money-making opportunities there is not a woman living who can't keep the ratio of wrinkles to dollars as one to a hundred. An "old maid" is a bit of driftwood on the tide of life who has lost her youth, her illusions and her usefulness.

As long as a woman has a vivid interest in life, as long as she is accomplishing things, as long as she has the energy to curl her hair, wear a straight-front corset and go to work every morning, she may be called a "maid"—but she is NOT "old."

Some time ago The Evening World held a symposium on the question "Who is a man old?" My answer to that was, "When he ceases to find the game of life worth the candle." And the same answer holds true with a woman. She is never old so long as she has her hopes and her illusions, no matter though all her teeth may be false; she is never old so long as there is one thing in life that interests her so much that she would HATE to die!

And in these days there are so many things in life besides a man to interest a woman—all the professions, the arts, literature, the stage, settlement work, trained nursing and, above all, the absorbing interest of money-making. Adam, bless his heart, may be the MOST interesting thing in creation, but he is not ALL of it.

Yes, there is ALL "CREATION!" And any woman who is a creator, whether a mother or a poet, is one with the Divine Spirit—the Spirit of Eternal Youth. The woman who turns out pictures or books or turns over money may not be doing as great a work as the woman who turns out good sons and daughters, but she is doing something infinitely greater than the woman who turns out bad or indifferent sons and daughters, and she is tasting the same thrilling joy of creation, the only real and lasting joy that the world holds for anybody, man or woman. Moreover, a successful laundress is of more use in the world and distinctly happier than an unsuccessful wife.

The very young girl fancies that when she succeeds in getting a husband her fortune is made. Nonsense! It is no more "made" than that of the girl who succeeds in getting a job. The "making" consists in MAKING GOOD. And the woman who doesn't make good is a "failure," whether she has failed in matrimony or out of it. As for the woman who DOES make good, believe me, girls, she can marry at any hour of the day from that moment on. For, while there are so few men willing to share their fortunes with a woman nowadays, there are a mighty few who are not willing to share her success with her. Somehow they never think of her as an "old maid"—because an old maid is a woman who has shut the door of life on herself and left hope behind! And where will you find one like that to-day?

## The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

"WELL," remarked the head polisher, "I have done it at the Steel Trust. And said Stanley has been goring the goods. Now comes a Government suit to run coincidentally with the Stanley investigation."

"This dissolution business gives me a pain in the ankle. Suppose you and I have rival businesses and have been cutting each other's throats. We get together and form a trust for the purpose of keeping up prices and garnering money. The Government makes us dissolve. Are we going back to the throat-cutting tactics after we have tasted the sweets of combination and organization? If so, we might as well call up the lunatic asylum and engage a couple of 'sunny rooms.'"

"Poor old Uncle Sam!" ejaculated the laundry man. "How many positions of the Government are there now? I turned with Uncle Sam as the goat."

"Far far be it from me to say that the Steel Trust should not be dissolved if it is an unlawful combination. But it is a queer recommendation of our system of government that it should be dissolved more than ten years to find out that the United States Steel Corporation is a combination in restraint of trade."

"The Sherman law was on the statute books in 1901. Everybody in the country that could read and write knew that J. Pierpont Morgan and others were gathering together a lot of competing steel companies and organizing them into a trust—everybody but the officers of the Government. That great and good man, Andrew Carnegie, take it from himself, cleaned up more than \$200,000,000 by selling his plant to the Trust. He knew it was a Trust, too."

"Well, the Trust unleashes about a billion dollars worth of securities on the people of the U. S. A. and other countries. More than 125,000 individuals own steel stocks or bonds. Horny handed capitalists in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, working twelve hours a day seven days in the week, are stockholders and so are many widows and orphans. You can't lose the widow and the orphan when it comes to holding stock."

"Not an official 'and was raised to about fifteen years ago and we have got to keep it up. If we put on the brakes we cause hard times."

"Taxpayers' associations meet and protest against improvements. It must be a terrible thing to be a taxpayer. If owning property entails such frightful misery as taxpayers describe in letters to the newspapers it's a wonder they wouldn't sell out."

"If I owned property and had to shriek aloud every time I came across with \$1 to the tax collector I'd secretly look up some boob and unmask my belongings and my troubles on him. But Mr. Taxpayer isn't built that way. The owner of property in New York is generally looking for more of it."

"They say we are approaching the stage when it will cost us \$200,000,000 a year to run the city. Well, if we see a \$200,000,000 town, what's the matter with making a \$200,000,000 front?"

STEP Mr. Morgan and his fellow conspirators in the organization of the Steel Trust. Not a Government semaphore or flag was set against the Government acquiescence. Everybody thought the Steel Trust was a violation of the Sherman law, but we are so used to see the law thrown down and kicked in the face that nobody paid any attention to it.

"Now the Government has awakened to a realization that the Steel Trust is against the law just as a national election is approaching. A Democratic Congress has been launching a commit-

tee, headed by one Stanley, at the Steel Trust. And said Stanley has been goring the goods. Now comes a Government suit to run coincidentally with the Stanley investigation."

"This dissolution business gives me a pain in the ankle. Suppose you and I have rival businesses and have been cutting each other's throats. We get together and form a trust for the purpose of keeping up prices and garnering money. The Government makes us dissolve. Are we going back to the throat-cutting tactics after we have tasted the sweets of combination and organization? If so, we might as well call up the lunatic asylum and engage a couple of 'sunny rooms.'"

"Poor old Uncle Sam!" ejaculated the laundry man. "How many positions of the Government are there now? I turned with Uncle Sam as the goat."

"Far far be it from me to say that the Steel Trust should not be dissolved if it is an unlawful combination. But it is a queer recommendation of our system of government that it should be dissolved more than ten years to find out that the United States Steel Corporation is a combination in restraint of trade."

"The Sherman law was on the statute books in 1901. Everybody in the country that could read and write knew that J. Pierpont Morgan and others were gathering together a lot of competing steel companies and organizing them into a trust—everybody but the officers of the Government. That great and good man, Andrew Carnegie, take it from himself, cleaned up more than \$200,000,000 by selling his plant to the Trust. He knew it was a Trust, too."

"Well, the Trust unleashes about a billion dollars worth of securities on the people of the U. S. A. and other countries. More than 125,000 individuals own steel stocks or bonds. Horny handed capitalists in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, working twelve hours a day seven days in the week, are stockholders and so are many widows and orphans. You can't lose the widow and the orphan when it comes to holding stock."

"Not an official 'and was raised to about fifteen years ago and we have got to keep it up. If we put on the brakes we cause hard times."

"Taxpayers' associations meet and protest against improvements. It must be a terrible thing to be a taxpayer. If owning property entails such frightful misery as taxpayers describe in letters to the newspapers it's a wonder they wouldn't sell out."

"If I owned property and had to shriek aloud every time I came across with \$1 to the tax collector I'd secretly look up some boob and unmask my belongings and my troubles on him. But Mr. Taxpayer isn't built that way. The owner of property in New York is generally looking for more of it."

"They say we are approaching the stage when it will cost us \$200,000,000 a year to run the city. Well, if we see a \$200,000,000 town, what's the matter with making a \$200,000,000 front?"

STEP Mr. Morgan and his fellow conspirators in the organization of the Steel Trust. Not a Government semaphore or flag was set against the Government acquiescence. Everybody thought the Steel Trust was a violation of the Sherman law, but we are so used to see the law thrown down and kicked in the face that nobody paid any attention to it.

"Now the Government has awakened to a realization that the Steel Trust is against the law just as a national election is approaching. A Democratic Congress has been launching a commit-